

A Familiar

ANSWER

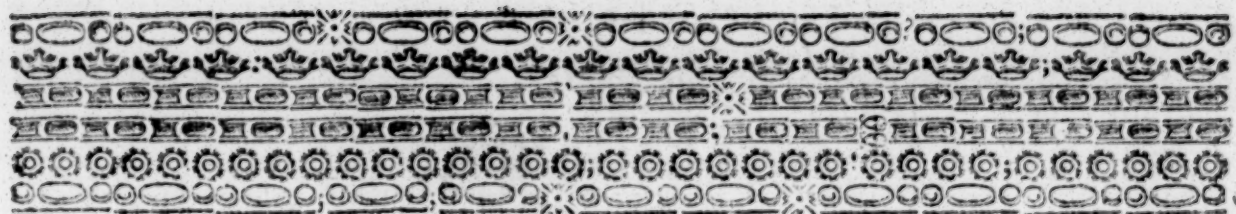
To a Familiar

LETTER.



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A
Familiar ANSWER
TO
A Familiar LETTER.

DR. *Sm*ed altho' I'm prefs'd with Cares,
Thy *Lovely Lines* command my Ears;
Her *Levities* I can't refuse
So *Gay*, so wanton is thy *MUSE*.
By Nature form'd for two great Ends
At once to Smile, and please your Friends.
Rude or Unbred you cannot be
Thou'rt welcome *Jonathan* to me,
Whether you come by Day or Night,
Whether you chuse to speak or write,

But when you write I own 'tis sweeter
And chiefly when you write in *Metre*.

Check not your *Muse's* tow'ring flight;
Nor do not think before you write.
Thy Lines with so much Musick fall,
That they require no thought at all.
What tho' my Hours Important are
With *Glorious Peace* or *Lawful Ware*?
I'll make Peace War, or War a Peace
Just as Dr. F——n shall please.

By all Means, let her write in haste
In spite of *Judgment* and of *Taste*.
For what have either Sir to do
Either with what you write; or You.
Tho' *Sciences* by *Modern Thought*
Are to a high Perfection brought,
And are my *Fav'rites*, yet of Course
Thy Lines have fifty times their force.
When once upon your Style I look,
I cannot bear another Book.
Whether recorded be the *Lore*
Of all the Writers heretofore.

A Letter coming from Kinsale
Not do! — O Lord it cannot fail.
What tho' the Climate's Cloudy there?
You are the Sun that clears their Air;

Disperſes all their Fogg and Vapour
 By Magick of your Pen on Paper;
 The ſhining Gleams of what you think
 Make ſhining Verſe and ſhining Ink.
 So that the Clouds of Courſe muſt fly
 When you look upwards to the Sky.
What you of Stocks and Bubbles tell, —
 I'm glad your *Wife* and *Children's* well.

May your ſweet *Muſe* for ever Chime
 Don't ſink your *Love* for me and Rhime.
 Ah! rather ſink your Love for me,
 Than quit your Thoughts of *Poetry*,
 For ſhou'd you ſink your Rhime to Proſe,
 Oh! what a Bard the World wou'd loſe,

Yes 'tis to me that at *Kinſale*
 Your Claret's bad and worſe your Ale?
 And ſhou'd be vext were not your *Rum*
 As good as is in *Chriſtendom*.
God bleſs the King you ſay. Amen.
 I ſay, *God bleſs the King agen.*

Now Faith I own I'm in a huff
 You call your Poem *trifling Stuff*,
 To ſay ſuch things is moſt provoking!
And ſo, I hope you were but joking.
 I cannot bear you ſhou'd abuſe
 So delicate and *Chaſt* a *Muſe*,

She's clear, she's sweet, she's pure, she's Terse,
Sound is her Sense, and smooth her Verse,
With Female softness, Manly Lines,
At once she languishes and shines.
 And truly Sir I'm of your Mind
 Old Bards are not of Clafick kind.
 But ~~you~~ and *Pope* and *Addison*,
 And *Garth* and *Welfted* are I own,
~~yes~~ certainly it must be so,
 For you fly high, and they fly low.

Present my Love to *Griffy Seven*,
 And to the other *Six or Seven* :
 And to the *Joker Bowler Billy*,
 Tell them if they to *Pickadilly*
 Shou'd come with you, they all should find
 How well I am to *Jokes* inclin'd

Once more *think not before you write*,
 Upon my Soul 'twill spoil you quite.
 A Plague o' this *Corrected Age*
 That you shou'd fear it! stirs my Rage;
 For if this Age does stand *Corrected*,
 By you it ought to be neglected;
 Who pass your curious well spent Time
 In high swell'd Verse, and Modern Rhime;
 What you have said of *Addison*,
 Of *Garth* and *Philips* is I own,

Correct, and *shews the Hottest Fire,*
 That e'er a *Genius* did inspire,
Tickle and Welsted, you pursue,
In Style correct, and Manner new,
Which none besides yourself cou'd do.
 Your Judgment of our *State* appears,
 In what you've said of *State Affairs.*
 For which I wish you'd come and stand
 A while to ease thy ———
 And thus you'll give your Friend such ease
 As *Atlas* gave to *Hercules.*

I know you, Sir, you've too good Sense
 † To trust at all to Providence;
 And therefore like a Man of Wisdome
 Wou'd rather trust to Mine than his Dome;
 Depend upon it Sir, I'll dish up
 Your Worship to a *Dean* or *Bishop.*

POSTSCRIPT.

You tell me *Smed* that you'll withdraw
 To *Ireland*, there to go to Law.
 You cannot, *must not*, Sir, be Wise,
 And Smoak your Pipe and draw your Tyths.

FINIS.

† The Meaning of this depends upon a Private Story, which at present is whisper'd about, and in all Probability will soon be made publick.

(7)

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... of ...



POSTSCRIPT

... of ...

THIR

